

MODERN

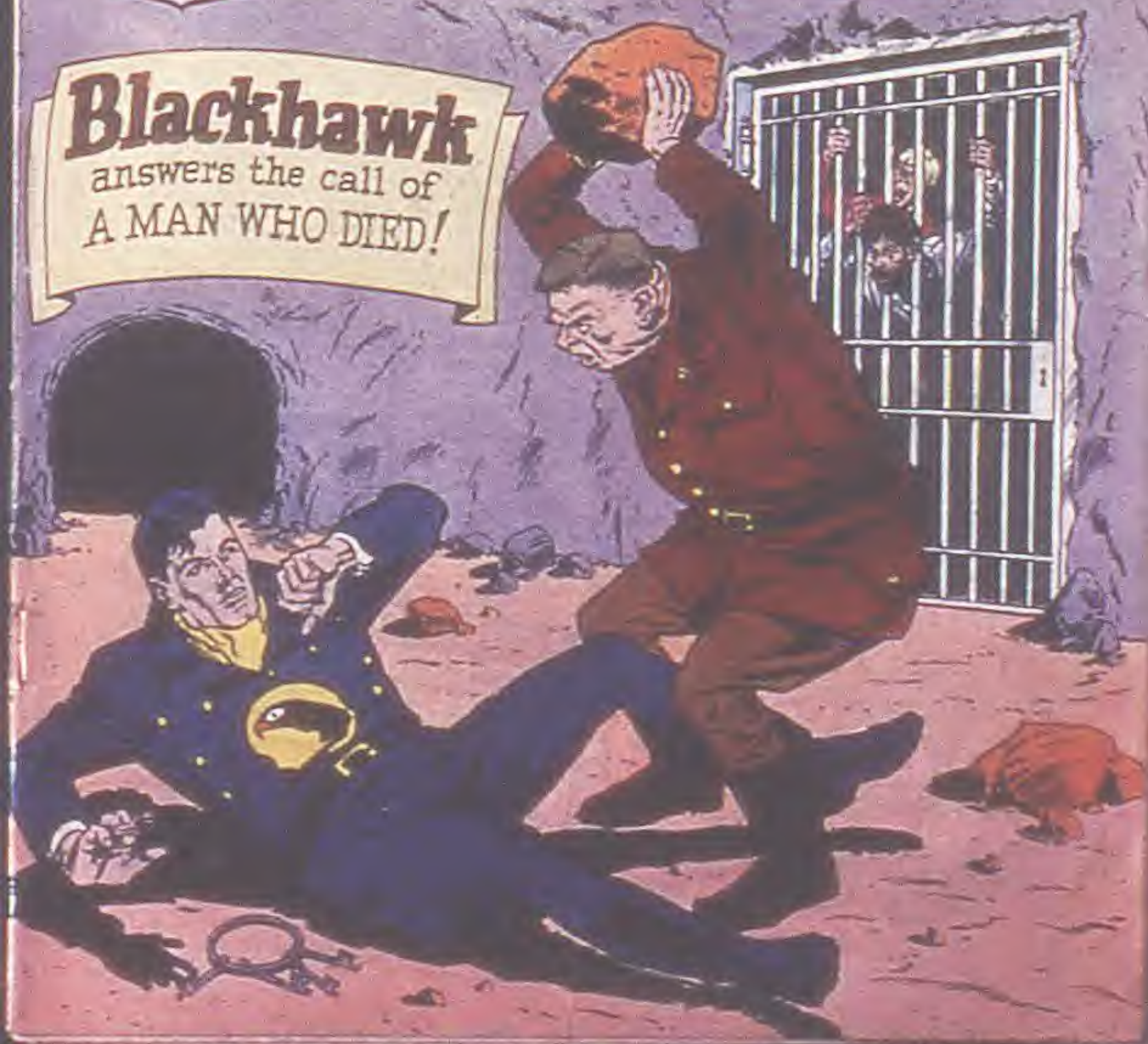
COMICS

APRIL
No. 84

10¢

Blackhawk

answers the call of
A MAN WHO DIED!

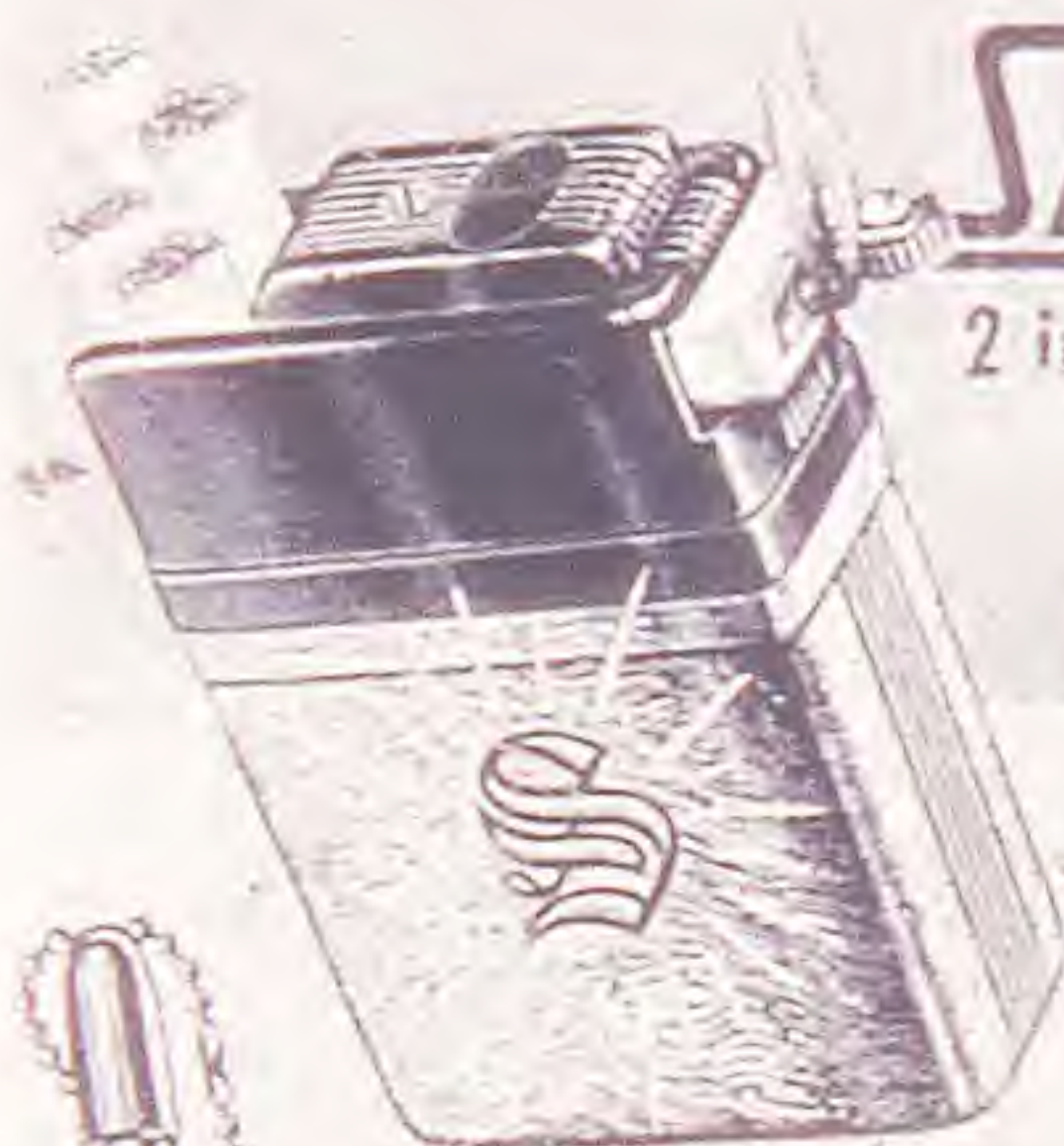


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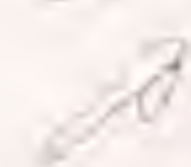
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LIGHTER



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WITH CIGARETTE
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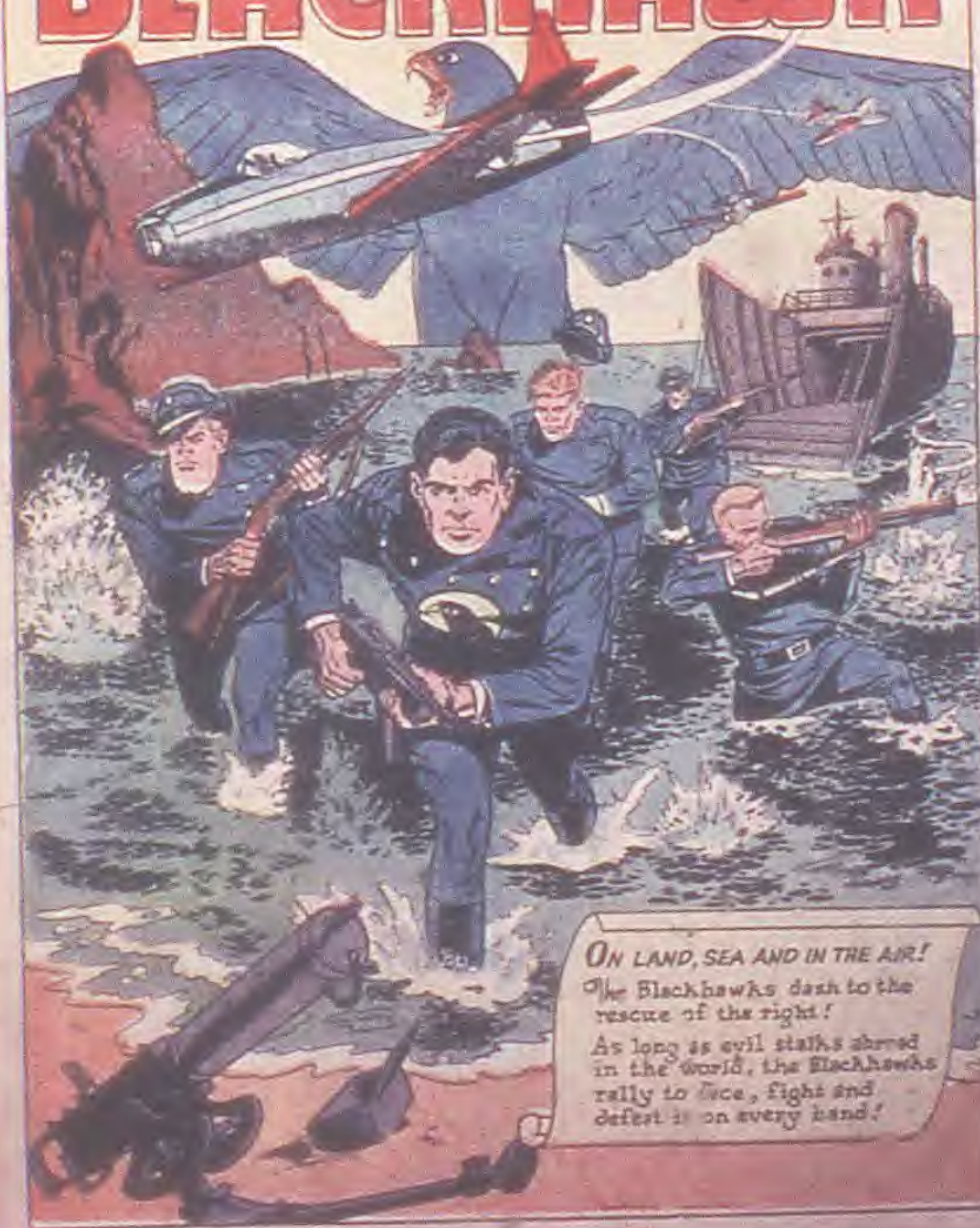
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1225 N. Western Ave.

Chicago 22, Ill.

MODERN COMICS, April 1955, No. 25. Published weekly by David Brainerd, 1225 N. Western Ave., Chicago 22, Ill. Founder: David Brainerd. Editor: David Brainerd. Publisher: David Brainerd. Circulation: 100,000. Price: \$0.25. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill. and at additional mailing offices. Postmaster: Please send address changes to MODERN COMICS, 1225 N. Western Ave., Chicago 22, Ill. This publication is published weekly except for two issues combined annually in April and May. The publisher accepts no responsibility for unsolicited material. Editorial and Advertising Offices: 1225 N. Western Ave., Chicago 22, Ill. Telephone: BR 1-1225. Copyright 1955 by David Brainerd. Printed in U.S.A.

BLACKHAWK



ON LAND, SEA AND IN THE AIR!

The Blackhawks dash to the rescue of the right!

As long as evil stalks abroad in the world, the Blackhawks rally to face, fight and defeat it on every hand!

Borovar—once a FREE CITY—until a certain power staged a dishonest election and took charge.

OUT OF OUR WAY, YOU SWINE! WE'RE THE NEW MILITARY POLICE!

THE MAYOR OF BOROVAR—THE MAN WHO OPPOSED OUR ENTRY—IS IN HIS OFFICE YONDER! SEIZE HIM!



Meanwhile—

I, JON VANDRO, DEPOSED MAYOR OF BOROVAR, AM ABOUT TO DIE! BUT I WRITE THIS MESSAGE TO THE WORLD THAT IS STILL FREE!



THEY WILL NOT DARE LET ME, THEIR ENEMY, LIVE AND EXPOSE THEM! ALREADY I HEAR THE TRAMP OF HEAVY BOOTS OUTSIDE—



YET I WILL NOT SUBMIT TO DEATH AT THE HANDS OF SLICK MURDERERS! IF I MUST DIE, I SHALL DO IT IN MY OWN WAY!



They called it a free election, but bribery, forgery and violence were the weapons that won their victory.



Let my action be heard throughout the world. Take warning against the advance of oppression! Fight and destroy it!
Jon Vandro



BANG!

A SHOT, SIR!

THE DOOR'S LOCKED! BRING IT DOWN!





But the searchers fail to find the last written words of Jon Yandro! And this is why...



Hours later, on Blackhawk Island...

LOOKEE SEE, OLAF! CARRIER PIGEON FLY HOME TO US!



JUST SO, CHOP CHOP! DAS BAN ONE OF CARRIER PIGEONS WE SEND OUT TO FRIENDS IN MANY LANDS, IN CASE—



BLACKHAWK! DAS BAN LETTER TO DAS WHOLE WORLD—FROM JON YANDRO! HE BAN KILL HIMSELF, BUT—

LET ME SEE, OLAF!



HE SENT IT TO US IN HIS LAST MOMENTS! HE KNEW WE'D TELL THE WORLD—AND AVENGE HIM! COME ON, MEN!







FELLOW-CITIZENS OF BOROVAR, AND FRIENDS ALL OVER THE WORLD—WE OF BOROVAR'S GOVERNMENT BRING SAD NEWS OF A BELOVED COMRADE'S DEATH!



PEOPLE OF BOROVAR—OF THE WORLD! YOU HAVE BEEN HEARING LIES! JON YANDRO KILLED HIMSELF IN PROTEST AGAINST THE ROTTEN RATS WHO HAVE SEIZED THIS ONCE-FREE PORT!

A NEW VOICE! SOME ENEMY CUTTING IN ON OUR WAVE LENGTH!



BUT BEFORE HE DIED HE WROTE THE TRUTH ABOUT THE DISHONEST SEIZURE OF POWER! THE WORLD WILL RECEIVE THIS TRUTH! AND THOSE WHO DROVE JON YANDRO TO DEATH WILL THEMSELVES DIE!

LISTEN! THIS CASTS A NEW LIGHT ON THE MATTER!



Throughout the city, radios carry the mysterious voice of accusation —

— REJECT THESE LIARS AND KILLERS! FREEDOM FOREVER! DOWN WITH OPPRESSION!

QUICK, INSIDE! SHUT OFF THAT RADIO! THIS IS DISASTER!



THAT CUTE-IN BROADCAST'S FINALLY OVER! BUT NOW TROUBLE WILL BEGIN!

ORDER! WHOLESALE ARRESTS AT ONCE! A THOUSAND, AT RANDOM OF THOSE WHO HEARD THE BROADCAST! LIKEWISE, ALL STRANGERS!



WHAT CAN BIG DEAT WE HAVEN'T DONE ANYTHING?

I WON'T ARGUE! ARRESTS MUST BE MADE! I AM NOT PARTICULAR!



NOT ABOUT OUR CART AND MULE? WHO WILL LOOK AFTER THEM?

LET THEM LOOK AFTER THEMSELVES! MULES AREN'T INCLUDED IN OUR ARREST ORDER!



IT WAS HARD FOR ME TO LIE HERE, SAFELY HIDDEN, BLACKHAWK, WHEN THOSE TIN SOLDIERS TOOK THE OTHERS!

BY STICKING WITH THE RADIO WE CAN SAVE OUR FRIENDS, CHUCK— BUT LISTEN!



COME ALONG TRAITOR! YOU WERE LISTENING TO THE ENEMY BROADCAST— YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!

SO THAT'S IT! THEN THE BROADCAST SPOKE THE TRUTH— BOROVAR IS IN THE HANDS OF TYRANTS!

HEAVEN'S CURSE ON THE CRUEL DOGS! MY HUSBAND HAS DONE NO HARM--HE DOES NOT DESERVE TO BE LOCKED UP!

SHELTER US, MADAME, AND PERHAPS WE'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO FREE HIM!

YES, ENTER, IF YOU NEED SHELTER! BUT THAT UNIFORM--I RECOGNIZE IT--YOU MUST BE...

PLEASE SPEAK THE NAME SOFTLY! OUR VIOLET IS STILL A SECRET, THOUGH THE TRUTH WILL SOON BE KNOWN!



YOU ARE BLACKHAWK! FIGHTER FOR THE OPPRESSED! NOW THERE IS HOPE FOR BOROVAR!

WE'LL DO OUR BEST! WILL YOU RISK YOUR SAFETY AND LET US SET UP OUR RADIO HERE?

OUR FIRST BROADCAST WAS FROM THE CART OUTSIDE! BUT WE NEED A MORE STABLE HEADQUARTERS! OF COURSE, IF WE ARE FOUND HERE WITH YOU--

IF SO, I'LL TAKE THE CONSEQUENCES! MY HUSBAND IS A TRUE MAN AND I AM WORTHY OF HIM! I'LL HELP BRING IN YOUR EQUIPMENT!



GOVERNMENT HEADQUARTERS SPEAKING! WHOLESALE ARRESTS HAVE BEEN ORDERED TO DISCOVER THE PEOPLE WHO STAGED THE LYING AND TREASONABLE BROADCAST!

PRESS THE BUTTON, CHUCK! DROWN THEM OUT, THEN LET ME TAKE OVER!

THE INTERFERENCE AGAIN!

ANOTHER OF THOSE MADDENING MESSAGES!

SSZZZZ! KAAAAH!

WAKE UP, LOVERS OF LIBERTY! THE ARRESTS JUST MENTIONED ARE GOOD EVIDENCE OF THE TYRANNY YOU ARE TO EXPERIENCE!





LAUGH, YOU SCUM! BEFORE I'M THROUGH WITH YOU...

LET'S SEE IF THAT BROADCASTER HAS SHUT UP YET!



THE MOST FOOLISH ACT OF THE TYRANTS SO FAR IS THEIR ARREST OF SOME OF THE BLACKHAWKS! NO PRISON WILL HOLD THEM! THEY'LL DESTROY THE GOVERNMENT FROM WITHIN THEIR CELLS!



LOCK THOSE SWINE UP IN THE NEXT ROOM! PLACE A DOUBLE GUARD OVER THEM! I'LL ATTEND TO THEM WHEN I THINK OF A PUNISHMENT SEVERE ENOUGH!

THIS IS BIZARRE, MARSHAL SKENDOR! IRREGULAR! FRIGHTENING!



GET OUT, YOU TWO! LET ME THINK THIS OVER ALONE!

COME ON, DR. MERKO! NO REASONING WITH HIM WHEN HE'S IN THAT MOOD!



NOW, LET'S SEE... I'M ALL ALONE, I CAN THINK CLEARLY—

ALONE, MY DEAR MARSHAL? NOT QUITE! I'M COMING THROUGH YOUR WINDOW!



HOW DID YOU REACH THAT WINDOW? MY GUARDS ARE ALL AROUND THIS BUILDING!

AT GROUND LEVEL, YES! I CAME FROM THE NEXT ROOF AND CLIMBED DOWN FROM ABOVE!



AS A ROVING REPORTER, I MADE MY LAST BROADCAST FROM JUST OUTSIDE! I SAW AND HEARD EVERYTHING! YOU'RE DOOMED, SKENDOR!

SAVE A CARE! ONE YELL, AND MY MEN WILL RUSH IN AND FINISH YOU!







YOU MUST KEEP TO WHAT ONLY WE AND THE MARSHAL KNOW... THAT THE HEADQUARTERS BUILDING IS PREPARED FOR EXPLOSION FROM A SAFE POINT OUTSIDE!

YES, BRUGER MY FRIENDS! AND WE SET OFF THE EXPLOSION!

PRECISELY! WE WOULD REPORT TO OUR GREAT CHIEF THAT SKENDOR HAD TO BE LIQUIDATED TO SAVE OUR POSITION HERE. THE BLACKHAWKS WILL BE DESTROYED AND YOU AND I WILL RULE!

LOOK, THERE THEY ARE! COMMISSIONER BRUGER AND DR. MERK!

Meanwhile, the fight at headquarters...

ONE MORE CLIMB GONE! THE AIR IS CLEARER INSIDE HERE ALREADY!

HAWHAAA!



DOWN HERE, BRUGER!

OUR MISSION IS ALMOST ACCOMPLISHED!

THIS SWITCH—CLOSE IT AND BOTH SKENDOR AND THE BLACKHAWKS WILL BE BLOWN TO BITS! SIMPLE, EN?

TOO SIMPLE, MY FRIENDS! DON'T TOUCH IT, OR I'LL FIRE!



YOU'RE UNDER ARREST! PUT UP YOUR HANDS AND COME WITH ME!

COME WITH YOU? WHERE?

TO THE HEADQUARTERS BUILDING TO SEE THE END OF A LITTLE SCRAP!

WE'LL BE KILLED IN THE SHOOTING!







WE HAVE THE TYRANT!

LET ME GET MY HANDS ON HIM!

THE END OF SKENDOR...AT THE HANDS OF THOSE HE OPPRESSED! JUSTICE CAN BE AS GRIM AS TYRANNY WHEN THE OCCASION DEMANDS!



HERE ARE THE MEN WHO WERE IN THE DUNGEON!

AND HERE ARE A COUPLE OF CUSTOMERS TO TAKE THEIR PLACE!



WE CALL ON YOU, BLACKHAWK, TO RULE BORDOVAR!

NO, MY FRIEND! I'M NEEDED ELSEWHERE! SUPPOSE YOU TAKE CHARGE WITH THE HELP OF YOUR NEIGHBORS AND FRIENDS!



WE'LL DO SO UNTIL A NEW GOVERNMENT CAN BE NAMED BY THE COUNCIL OF FREE NATIONS!

GOOD DECISION! AND NOW WE'LL GATHER UP OUR EQUIPMENT AND GET ON THE TRAIL OF OTHER EVILDOERS! GOOD-BYE!



We break each tyrant's power At the least expected hour— WE'RE BLACKHAWKS!

Torchy

IMAGINE...
CHASING AFTER
MEN THAT WAY!
IT'S REVOLTING!



EXCUSE ME, MISS! I'M
FROM THE... GULP!



IS SOMETHING THE
MATTER? YOU LOOK
SO PALE! COME IN
AND SIT DOWN!

THANKS! IT'S JUST
THAT ONE DOESN'T
USUALLY SEE GALS
LIKE YOU IN MY
WORK!





BUT YOU ARE A SPINSTER, HARD AS THAT IS TO BELIEVE! WE GET THE DOPE ON ALL OUR PROSPECTS BEFORE WE GO TO











WILL BRAGG

Everyone considers Will Bragg a bust, but when he becomes a model for a famous sculptor, even the Hall of Fame isn't big enough to hold him.



SENSE! THIS IS PIN MONEY FOR A MAN
WILL SOON SPEAKEND THE EXTEN-
ADVERTISING CAMPAIGN GRADIES
ARTMENT STORE IS SPONSORING?

Y DON'T
SAY!

GRADIES' HAS HIRED A
WORLD-FAMOUS SCULPTOR
TO DO A HEROIC STATUE
OF ME FOR THEIR SPRING
PARADE! IT WILL BE
MOUNTED ON A
FLOAT AND SURROUNDED
BY GORGEOUS
BOWERS MODELS!

—UM— I MUST
BE OFF— I DON'T
WANT TO BE
LATE FOR MY
SITTING!

YEAR,
BRAGG—
RUN ALONG
TO YOUR
USUAL PARK
BENCH FOR
YOUR SITTING!



SCOFF IF YOU LIKE! YOU'LL
SEE—I'LL BE THE BIGGEST
THING IN TOWN WHEN
THIS THING BREAKS!

TELL
US
MORE!

MR.
AMERICA!
RA-HA!

Later

GET A LOAD OF WILL
FLANNIGAN! WHO'S
HIS PAL?

MUST BE
THAT FAMOUS
SCULPTOR!
BUT I'LL BET
HE'S ONLY A
CHISELER—IF
HE HANGS
AROUND
BRAGG!



SO LONG, KENRI!
I'LL BE AT YOUR
STUDIO AGAIN
TOMORROW AT
THREE SHARP!

GO!
MONSIEUR
BRAGG! AU
REVOIR!

WMM—LET'S CORNER
BRAGG AT MRS. MAHOULLA-
NAN'S BOARDING HOUSE
AND SEE WHAT HE'S
REALLY UP
TO!

THERE YOU ARE, YOU
LOAFER! I SUPPOSE
YOU DON'T HAVE
ANY RENT MONEY
YET!

NOW, NOW, MRS.
MAHOULLANAN!
LET US GO INSIDE—
WHERE I WILL INFORM
YOU OF OUR MUTUAL
GOOD FORTUNE!







BRAGG WAS
ON THE LEVEL -
I CAN'T GET
OVER IT!



I SAW WILL
GO IN HERE!
MAYBE WE
CAN SEE THE
STATUE!

DO YOU
SUPPOSE THOSE
BOWERS MODELS
ARE HERE, TOO?
NOH!

HENRI PIERRE
Artist & Designer
FOR
BOWERS MODELS
AND STATUES



I NEVER THOUGHT
ANYBODY'D WANT
THAT BLOWHARD TO
POSE FOR SOME-
THING ARTISTIC!

WELL - IT
STILL LOOKS
LIKE THE REAL
THING!



WHEN CAN I SEE THE FINISHED
STATUE, HENRI? ALL I'VE
SEEN ARE DRAWINGS
YOU'VE MADE!

NO ONE MUST SEE
THE FINISHED
PRODUCT UNTIL
YOUR MAYOR
UNVEILS IT AT THE
PARADE!



REST ASSURED
THAT I WILL DO
YOU JUSTICE!
YOU WILL BE AS
FAMOUS AS
WHISTLER'S
MOTHER!

WELL, AS
LONG AS IT
LOOKS
LIKE ME!

THE BIG
KAM I'VE
LOOKS MORE
LIKE
WHISTLER'S
FAT GRAND-
FATHER!



THE SKETCH IS
COMPLETED AND YOU
NO LONGER HAVE TO
SEE! SHALL WE GO TO
CAFE FOR A
TALK-UP?

NEVER TOUCH THE
STUFF! I'LL JUST
TAKE A CUP OF
COFFEE!



I'LL HAVE TO ADMIT
WELL WASN'T SHOOTING
THE BREEZE!

YEAR, WORSE LOOK!
THERE'LL BE NO LIVING
AROUND THE BIG WINDBAG
NOW! THE LUCKY STIFF -
WITH ALL THOSE
BOWERS MODELS,
TOO!

The day of the parade...



IT IS MY PLEASURE TO
HAUGURATE THE GRACIES'
DEPARTMENT STORE
PARADE WITH THIS
GORGEOUS FLOAT
FEATURING THE
FIGURE OF A
MAN YOU ALL
KNOW!

THE ARTIST ASSURES
HE THAT THIS FIGURE
DEPCTS WILL BRAGG
AT HIS BEST...

I'M SO
PROUD OF
WILL! HE
LOOKS SO
DISTINGUISHED
STANDING UP
THERE!

I MAY BE
FULL OF HOT
AIR, BUT EVEN I
CAN'T BRAG
ENOUGH ABOUT THE
BARGAINS AT
GRACIES'!

I'LL BRAG
ABOUT GRACIES'
FROM THE BOOK-
TOPS!

HAW! THAT'S
WILL! ALL RIGHT!
HE'S RIDING IN THE
COMMUNITY,
WIRED FOR
SOUND!

WHAT'S THE
MATTER,
WILL? AREN'T
YOU WALKING
ON AIR?

YEAR, WILL—
JUST THINK
HOW YOUR
STOCK IN
GRACIES'
SHOT UP
TODAY!

OHAY
MY!

HEP!
HE'S THE
BIGGEST
THING IN
TOWN! NOTICE
HOW EVERY-
BODY'S LOOK-
ING UP TO
HIM!

HAVE
YOUR
VULGAR LITTLE
JOKES! ALL
MEN OF
LOFTY
VISION ARE
MISUNDER-
STOOD!

GRACIES'
BARGAINS
ARE THE
BEST!

ALASKAN ALIEN

A rugged Alaskan coastline emerged from the mists as the flight of Blackhawk unfolded it.

The land ship Blackhawk began her bid for the airport at the base of the Hazy Mountains.

"This is our first stop, boys," he called over the intercom system. "No one talking the show." "Aye!" The army pulled out of her mouth.

"But why are we stopping here," Andre asked.

"It's our survey of Alaskan defenses," Blackhawk answered. "We want to know the location of the traps, so we can have to motivate them to stay."

Blackhawk circled the field, noticing the wind coming from the tattered windsock on the tower. Feeling off, the Blackhawk landed in a grassy area and taxied to the runway area for its operations.

A number of men came they climbed from the ship to stretch their cramped muscles. "We may as well remain over night here," Blackhawk said. "By the time we get our work done it will be too late to go on. Chop Chop, you had get out our gear and make camp while I get out of us take a look around."

"You betcha," the cherry Cheeser said, grinning.

"There's a couple of stinks on the fire for you," Chuck said lightly. "This air makes me sneeze."

"You lucky to get home," Chop Chop remarked.

The heart between the two was not short by the sharp crack of a rifle shot. All the Blackhawk crew found their hands automatically reaching for their submachine.

"It sounded as if it came from inside the operations building," Blackhawk said. "Andre, you cover with me—the rest of you stay with the ship until we find out what's going on."

Blackhawk and Andre sped to the building while the others deployed themselves by their aircraft.

When he landed, Blackhawk looked upon the dark and, being covered by Andre, stepped in and out.

Facing them in the center of the room was a

squat, thickset man in the wrinkled uniform of a U. S. Army sergeant. Lying a few paces in front of him was a bearded old man. In his arms the uniformed man cradled a corpse.

"What's going on," Blackhawk demanded.

"I had to shoot him," the sergeant replied thickly. "It was self-defense, the old buzzard went crazy and tried to kill me."

"I thought the old was abandoned," Blackhawk said suspiciously.

"Not yet," the sergeant said. "There's still some equipment here worth salvaging. I am Sergeant Russell of Air Material, acting as a guard until we can give it out."

"Who was the old man," Andre asked.

"He's a trapper who lived near here. He used to visit me."

"I don't know what happened to him," Russell said. "Just as you turned up he came at me with a knife."

"You could have captured him without killing him," Blackhawk observed coldly.

"I was scared," the short man said angrily. "I lost my head. I didn't mean to kill him."

"Andre," Blackhawk said, "call in the others. We can at least give the old fellow a decent burial."

Later, as the Blackhawk crew soberly back to operations, Chuck caught up with Blackhawk and said quietly, "There's something funny about that sergeant's story. That old trapper was shot in the back."

"I know," Blackhawk said, "but right now I don't want to arouse his suspicions. We'll be on our guard."

Stenhouse fell in step on Blackhawk's other side. "Look at this oil on my hands," he said, holding out greasy palms. "It came off the old man's boots."

"None," Chuck broke in, "all woodmen and their boots. It preserves the leather."

"I know, Chuck," Stenhouse said impatiently. "The point is they generally use animal oil—this is petroleum."

"Maybe he ran out of the other," Chuck suggested.

"Perhaps," Blackhawk said, "but it's something else to think about."

When their return Sergeant Russell seemed

EZRA

THE MYSTERY
SONGSTRESS
IS MY DATE!
I SAW HER
FIRST!

NO, THE MYSTERY
SONGSTRESS IS
MINE! I BROUGHT
HER!

THE MYSTERY
TO ME IS WHAT
DO THEY SEE IN
HER?



HI, EZRA!
HI, ROLLO!

SALUTATIONS,
KNUCKLEHEADS!



SAY, MYRNA, HOW
ABOUT GOING TO THE
SCHOOL DANCE WITH
ME NEXT SATURDAY?

OH, EZRA,
I'M SORRY—
YOU SEE
DEAN
ASKED
ME...



TURN YOURSELF INTO A
SPEEDY AND BLOW
MYRNA! SHE HAS
A DATE WITH ME!

WHY, YOU
SQUARE?

WELL, THAT'S
WHAT I CALL A
FAST BRISK!

IT BEATS ME HOW A SLICK
DRIVE LIKE MYRNA CAN GO
OUT WITH A SLOW DRIFT LIKE
DEAN RUGGLES, JR.!



QUIT BEATING YOUR GUNS,
CRIM! SEEMS TO ME THE
ONLY WAY TO GET DILSBURY
AWAY FROM MYRNA IS TO
DANGLE **BIGGER BAIT**
IN FRONT OF HIM!

WHAT DO YA EXPECT ME
TO DO? SHOW UP AT THE
DANCE WITH THE
MYSTERY
SONGSTRESS?

**WHO IS THE
MYSTERY
SONGSTRESS?**

LISTEN EVERY NIGHT AT 8:00 - STATION WOOD!



YIPES! THE GOON
HAS AN IDEA!

WUN?
YOU'RE
NUTS!

YOU'LL EAT THOSE WORDS, PAL, WHEN
THE MYSTERY SONGSTRESS SHOWS
UP **IN PERSON!** JUST LEAVE IT
TO LI'L ROLLO!











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YOU BUILD the Superheterodyne Receiver. This is the most popular radio in your home.



YOU BUILD the Superheterodyne Receiver. This is the most popular radio in your home.



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YOU BUILD the Superheterodyne Receiver. This is the most popular radio in your home.



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MAKE EXTRA MONEY in Spare Time
You can make a lot of money by building and selling radios. The radio business is the most profitable business in the world.

TRAINED THESE MEN

in Own Radio Service
Many of these men have been trained by N. R. I. and are now making a lot of money by building and selling radios. The radio business is the most profitable business in the world.

VETERANS

You get this training in your own home under G. I. Bill. Mail Coupon.

get Radio-Television training. You can get a lot of money by building and selling radios. The radio business is the most profitable business in the world.

See What N. R. I. Can Do For You
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